

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XV., NO. 44.5

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1899.

PRICE 2 CENTS

Chicago Meat Co.

NEW STORE

241-2 PLEASANT ST.

NEXT TO MARLBORO HOTEL.

Public Invited to Inspect Our New
and Modern Market.

Ladies Fur Capes

Repaired and Changed Over In The
Best Manner

And Also Made Stronger Than Ever At

JOHN S. TILTON'S,

18 Congress Street.

ALL WHO ARE

In a position to know acknowledge the excel-
lence of our work, and our prices are right.

LAWRENCE,

FINE TAILORING,

9 CONGRESS ST

IF YOU ONCE WEAR

THE AURORA KID BUTTON SHOE

You Will Wear No Other,

- Price, \$3.00, -
EQUAL TO ANY \$3.50 OR \$4.00 SHOE

GREEN & GOULD

Sole Agents.

6 & 8 Congress Street.

It is worth seeing our miniature and complete working
shoe factory. The finest machinery built

We do all kinds of repairing at short notice.

PORTSMOUTH PEOPLE HAVE LEARNED THE FACT THAT THE WINCHESTER

Is America's Greatest Heater For Water And Steam
The Most Prominent People Get Them.

Plumbing, Piping, Tin-Roofing, In Fact All In The Finishing Line Done By

J. M. SMITH, High St.

GIVEN AWAY AT MOORCROFT'S.

For this week and next we shall present to each customer
buying \$2.00 worth of goods a bottle of our celebrated French
Dressing and Paste.

TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS AND BONNETS

SELLING UNDER COST.

2 MARKET SQUARE.

IN THE STORE WINDOWS.

What Merchants Are Offering for the
Spring Trade.

As spring approaches, the store win-
dows become more attractive with fresh
new goods. The warmer weather is more
favorable for window dressing, the
glasses being clearer and besides the
spectator may stop and look with more
comfort.

It is a noticeable fact that window
dressing is being more generally recog-
nized, as an effective means of adver-
tising, though in many places the man-
ager still grumbles that windows are a
nuisance, says the Dry Goods Reporter.
It is necessary to use windows properly,
if they are to be of much value, for the
public has been educated to expect good
things, and a shabby, dirty window
gives just that impression of the store.

The windows afford the merchant an
opportunity to make a display of his
goods and prices to those passing by,
and he thus reaches many who would
not otherwise know what he had or
what he cared to say about it. Beside,
this many regular customers are tempt-
ed to make particular purchases because
attractive articles are shown in the
window.

The objections, that it takes time to
trim windows, and that it often results
in injury to goods, are granted, but it
must be remembered that any sort of
advertising costs money. The man who
sees only the expense of advertising and
reckons nothing on what he gets for it
is slow to keep up long with the
strong competition of today. The ques-
tion with the intelligent merchant is
how to make the windows most effective
and it is being settled usually by decid-
ing to give them more attention.

This matter of window advertising
isn't as well appreciated as it will be a
few years later. The hints man can re-
member when a codfish and a pair of
rubber boots hung up in a general store
window were considered sufficient dis-
play. Things have progressed since
then in the window dressing line, but
they will progress more.

SCHOOLS' VS. POLITICS.

Dear Editor of the Herald:—If the at-
tempt of the present city clerk to drag
school affairs into politics does not
bring down upon his own guilty head
the righteous indignation of all our citi-
zens irrespective of party, creed or color,
we may well despair, as honest citizens,
of the depth of rottenness and shame
into which this would be despoiler and
his little ring have disgraced us. Will
the people allow him to corrupt our
schools with the stigma of ward politics?
Would any civilized community allow it,
or tolerate it for an instant? What
has given him the audacity to do it?
Of all the politics that our city has
seen in a century has any one been low
enough or depraved enough to try it be-
fore? Why is he so desperate? Is he
afraid of what would be revealed if he
should have a successor? Who is this
destroyer of our school? Where did he
get much of his own education?
Do they teach such language as he uses
and such principles as he advocates in a
certain school where a part of his boy-
hood was spent? If the pulpit, press,
and all lovers of liberty, freedom and
our sacred public schools were ever called
upon to rebel at public concerns it is
now. And whoever is elected mayor,
and whichever way the city council
may go, he who is so reckless, desper-
ate and depraved as to drag politics in
to our prosperous and most superior
school system, should not be allowed to
hold any office of trust in our city,
should be discarded and read out of the
party which he dishonors, but claims to
boss.

A REPUBLICAN.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be
pleased to learn that there is at least
one dreaded disease that science has
been able to cure in all its stages, and
that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is
the only positive cure known to the
medical fraternity. Catarrh being a
constitutional disease, requires a con-
stitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh
Cure is taken internally, acting di-
rectly upon the blood and mucous sur-
faces of the system, thereby destroying
the foundation of the disease, and giv-
ing the patient strength by building up
the constitution and assisting nature in
doing its work. The proprietors have
so much faith in its curative powers,
that they offer One Hundred Dollars for
any case that it fails to cure. Send for
list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co.,
Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Eden's Your Bowels With Castor Oil.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever
10c. 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money

TEA TABLE TALK.

When you're broke, then you can think
How you blew your coin for drink.—
Spent it for ten-cent cigars.—
Trying grab-bags at bazaars.—
Yachting parties down the bay.—
Dollar tickets to the play.—
Bought whatever you wanted to.—
Now not a solitary cent.—
No more trolley rides—must walk.—
Laundry, overcoat in hook.—
Not a copper for the girl.—
O, but say, you cut a whiff
But a mouth or two ago:
Now you let your whiskers grow.
'Cause you can't afford a shave.
You rolled on the highest wave.—
Now you haven't got a thing
With which to cut a peon wing.
O, but you'll be good next time.—
Hoard up every cent and dime.—
Put it in the bank and let
Shoes and suppers ride, you bet.
Yes, you will. Why, bless your soul,
When you've saved a pretty roll,
You'll go with the boys some night,
And throw your money left and right.
Nothing will be good enough
While you sport the good green stuff.—
Forget that you were ever broke.—
Get your laundry out of soak.—
Buy a new suit, and roll high.
Then the same old by-and-by.—
Not a nickel for a drink.—
Just sit, and groan, and think, think, think.

A noted individual of the snake-in-the-
grass type, who is incapable of writing
anything original or clever himself,
(even when out of his cups,) gave public
evidence of the foul trend of his
thoughts by putting a wrong construc-
tion on an innocent sentence which ap-
peared in this column yesterday, and
even taking the trouble to exhibit it to
his cronies and fellow scavengers as a
huge joke. Were it not for defiling this
column with his name, I should present
it here this morning. It is by no means
an enviable one.

The sentence was correct grammati-
cally and perfectly proper in its mean-
ing. Any man who could derive such
vicious satisfaction from it is certainly
below a cur dog in principle. He is no
gentleman. He is a disgrace to his pro-
fession and to the mother who bore him.
His abettors are quite as bad. The
naughty literature and pictures which
the law classes as immoral just about har-
monize with the taste of such contempti-
ble persons.

Few authors of today can afford to be so
independent as Alfred de Musset, the
famous French journalist. When asked
for "copy" for the reviews of Paris, he
would smile blandly and say: "Send
me fifty francs and a bottle of brandy,
or you will have none."

A parallel with the incompetence of
our war department in the recent furo-
ry with Spain was the botch which En-
gland made of the care of her troops in
the Crimean campaign. The English
pipers of those times bulged with in-
vectives against the war ministry, and
scores of the soldiers wrote home about
the deplorable camp conditions.

Sell a veteran of the Civil war: "The
idea which prevails in some minds that
the veterans are jealous of the heroes of
the late war is far from being correct.
I not only attend my own post regularly,
but also the meetings of other
posts, and, on my honor, I have never
yet heard a word in disparage-
ment of the valor and services of the
soldiers of the Spanish war. We
were barred out from taking any part
in the late war on account of our age,
but our sons were very much in evi-
dence, and it is not natural that we
would deny the gallant services of our
own sons and the sons of our com-
rades."

In the Boston Spectator of February
10th, 1897, I find this: "According to a
new arrangement of the postmaster
general, letters will go from Boston to
Charleston in nine days, a distance of
ten hundred and forty-four miles."
How astonished would that editor be if
he were restored to flesh and privileged
to sit in a telephone booth at Bar Har-
bor, Maine, and talk in an ordinary con-
versational tone with somebody away
down in Austin, Texas, over one contin-
uous line of wire!

Is it possible that on some day not
far distant we may be crowding about
the bulletin boards to learn whether
the Malays have voted for woman's
rights, or the result of the annual
Thanksgiving football game between
the Tagalos and the Visayans? Shall we
read in the papers some morning how
one of the Filipinos has been electro-
cuted for appearing in the plaza of Ma-
nila without a civilized shirt on? Fogo.

Years of suffering relieved in a night
Itching piles yield at once to the cur-
ative properties of Doan's Ointment.
Never fails. At any drug store, 50 cents.

OBITUARY.

Sarah A. Kennedy.

Sarah Alice Kennedy, little daughter
of Charles and Mary Kennedy, died at
the residence of her parents on Wednes-
day morning at the age of three years.

OBSEQUIES.

The funeral services over the remains
of Capt. Samuel Fletcher were held at
the home at Kittery Point at two
o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, the
8th inst., Rev. E. K. Amazeep of the
Christian church officiating, assisted by
Rev. John H. Mugridge, a former pas-
tor. Interment was in the family lot.

The funeral of Mrs. Sarah Briard,
wife of Levi Briard, was held at the
family residence on the Rogers' road in
Kittery at two o'clock on Wednesday
afternoon, the 8th inst., Rev. John A.
Goss of Haverhill, Mass., officiating.
The interment was in Orchard Grove
cemetery by Undertaker O. W. Ham.

RICH IN BEAUTY OF DESIGN.

Rich, dainty, and modest in concep-
tion and design, yet showy, catchy, and
attractive; bright, breezy, bounding
with the life of early spring and radiant
with the brilliant colors of Easter-time—
this in short is what you will find our
Easter feature of the *Gazette* to be. The
highly colored full page illustration is
full of action, motion and life. It is typi-
cal of the Lenten season and redolent of
approaching spring time. The ever charm-
ing American girl is doffing the sombre
Lenten Monk's robe and appears in all
the fine raiment of Easter day. About
her winged cupid is riding amidst a
wealth of roses. The whole design indi-
cates the passing from the austerity of
winter time to the warmth and life of
the spring and summer. The ladies will
note that the Easter costume is the lat-
est, and the dress and Easter bonnet
as chic as heart could wish.

YORK.

Rev. W. S. Bovard of the California
conference who is "supplying" for the
methodists at this village, has accepted
the call of the Congress street M. E.
church in Portland to become its pastor.
After the action of the parish is ratified
by the Maine conference and Mr. Bovard
is transferred to this conference at the
annual session, the middle of April, he
will assume his duties the Sunday fol-
lowing.

Best Home Made pickles at the Wo-
mans Exchange.

"Little Sticks Kindle the Fire."

The time for fires for
warming is about gone and
the little sticks can take a
rest. Unfortunately, how-
ever, the cold months brought
into the human system im-
purities of the blood, which
generally show in the Spring,
and which need treating with
America's Greatest Spring
Medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It has the faculty of going directly to
the seat of the trouble, removing it
speedily. It never disappoints.

Scrofulous Hip Disease.—"My boy
Willie had scrofulous hip disease from a
baby. Abscesses developed. Months at
the hospital, with best treatment, did no
good. They said he would never walk
again. He was helpless and wasted away
to nothing but skin and bone. Hood's
Sarsaparilla helped him, and I gave it
to him. Imagine my delight at a wonder-
ful change. Abscesses all healed, crutches
thrown away. He is now tall and stout,
perfectly well and the thanks are all due
to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Other mothers with
crippled children should know this." Mrs.
EMMA V. DUFF, Walpole, Mass.

Hives.—"The itching of hives which
troubled me last summer was terrible;
blotches came all over my body. Hood's
Sarsaparilla helped me, and I gave it
to him. Imagine my delight at a wonder-
ful change. Abscesses all healed, crutches
thrown away. He is now tall and stout,
perfectly well and the thanks are all due
to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Other mothers with
crippled children should know this." Mrs.
EMMA V. DUFF, Walpole, Mass.

All Run Down.—"I was as tired in the
morning as at night, had no ambition, weak
and run down. Three bottles of Hood's
Sarsaparilla built me up and cured me.
Can eat well and sleep well." Mrs. CHAS.
MOLZ, 418 Madison St., Sandusky, Ohio.

Dyspepsia.—"Complicated with liver
and kidney trouble, I suffered for years
with dyspepsia, with severe pains. Hood's
Sarsaparilla made me strong and hearty."
J. B. EMMERTON, Main Street, Auburn, Me.

Consumptive Cough.—"Five years
ago I had a consumptive cough which re-
duced me to a skeleton. Was advised to
take Hood's Sarsaparilla which I did and
recovered normal health. I have been well
ever since." MARTINA BIRNCKWATER, Cor.
Pearl and Chestnut Sts., Jeffersonville, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure Every Ill, the non irritating and
only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

JIM, JACK AND THE TELEPHONE

"Hello! Central."
"Number?"
"Give me the pumping station."
"Hello! pumping station. Send Jim
Quinn to the telephone. Hello! that
you, Jim?"
"Yes, it's me Jack, what is it?"
"The devil is to pay Jim, and you
will have to come in this afternoon, and
do a little more work."
"But it is my day out here, Jack, and
if I should leave there would be a row."
"Am I not water commissioner, Jim?"
You just come in and I will fix it all
right."

"What's up, Jack?"
"Why they are bucking against Joe
and we have got some lively work out
cut for us."
"I thought everything was cut and
dried, Jack?"

"Well, so did I, but there is feeling
among the better class of people whom
we fooled on the mayoralty question
that they have been duped. They know
now who Joe made the combine with
and they are getting ugly. The En-
glish faction are not so well satisfied as
we thought and you must come in and
handle them."

"But Jack, I don't kinder like to
tackle them. You know Tom has pa-
pers in his possession that would send
me away for the summer months."
"Am I not City Solicitor, Jim?"

"Yes, Jack, you are the whole shoot-
ing match, but still I am getting a little
nervous. What are the boys going to
do in ward two?"
"They will be all right, Jim. Yeaton
will be fixed in the old, old way. Billie
can handle Bates, and Borthwick, as
usual, will not trump his partner's see.
Ward two is all right, Jim, but you have
got to invest some money in ward one."

"Will you still hold on to the City
Solicitorship again this year, Jack?"
"I haven't quite decided yet, Jim,
whether I want it or not. I did think
of throwing it to Pete to keep Sam quiet
but if Sam gets gay, Pete won't get it."

"Who will we run for city auditor,
Jack?"

"I don't know Jim, I haven't thought
it over yet. Have you anybody for the
place?"

"Yes, one of the boys spoke to me
about it the other day. Of course it
would be hard to get bonds but—
"Never mind the bonds, Jim, I will
see to that part of it. We are counting
on big help from you on election day,
Jim. You're onto the curves of the
democrats and know their game from A
to Z."

"But what do I get out of it, Jack?"
"Your reward will come later, Jim,
just help me get the city under my
thumb again this year and you will be
well provided for."

"That all, Jack?"
"That's all, Jim. Be sure and come in
today without fail. Good bye."
"Good bye, Jack."
B-r-r-r-r.

THE CHECKLISTS.

The checklists as they will be finally
posted contain the following number of
names:

Ward 1	723
Ward 2	802
Ward 3	403
Ward 4	398
Ward 5	422

2,748

To Cure Constipation Forever,
Take Cascarella Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c.
If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money

Boston & Woonsocket Rubber Boots

Large Sizes, 11, 12 and 13, Marked Down to \$9.40.

One Week Only.

SALE COMMENCES MARCH 1st AND CLOSES MARCH 15th

This Sale is for the purpose of making business good by
month and to make room for spring stock.

DUNCAN'S SHOE STORE

PERFECTION.



The New No. 4 Yost Type-Writer

Our Stationary Pointer Saves the Eyesight.

We have Second-Hand Type-Writers for sale. Write us if you wish your office properly equipped.

For Particulars and Information Apply at This Office.



Self-Cleaning Hand Rake

A Novelty And a Necessity.

The same of perfection in lawn and garden rake. You can rake for hours with this rake and dead leaves and grass cannot clog.

This is a recent patent and patent right will be sold at a bargain. Address,

D. L. P., PORTSMOUTH VERMONT OFFICE.

Portsmouth, N. H.

Thousands of contented riders are enjoying new cycling pleasure which can only be had through the possession of a

COLUMBIA Bevel-Gear

Chainless Bicycle, \$125.

These riders are up-to-date. They can afford the best and will have nothing else. They consider our reputation and 21 years' experience when we tell them Bevel Gears accurately cut are the most improved and best form of cycle construction.

Columbia Chain wheels, \$75.

Hartfords, \$50. Vendettes, \$40 and 35

W. W. McIntire, High St

A GOOD SUIT OR OVERCOAT

Made to Order

Up to Date

Prices According to Selection

Wm. P. Walker

Leading and Oldest Custom Tailor in Portsmouth

Market Square

THOMAS LOUGHLIN,

BOTTLER OF

Portsmouth Brewing Co.'s Lager, Jones Golden Ales, and

All Kinds of Light Drinks.

Family Trade Supplied

Orders by Telephone Promptly Attended

OFFICE AND WORKS, MAPLEWOOD AVENUE

Gray & Prime

DELIVER

COAL

No Dual No. 1

111 Market St. Telephone 2-

MADE BY GEORGE HILL, DRUGGIST.

AS LYDIA GROWS.

When Lydia was six months old she was so dear, so fair a treasure. We called her "honey," "dear," "sweet," and "angel," without stint or measure. But nowdays all that is changed. For Lydia is three years wiser. We dare not call her sweet or fair. We only tell her how we prize her.

For little girls are sometimes spoiled by having praise too often repeated. And all unlike the dear pet names. Grow sour-tempered and conceited. But often when our hearts overflow. And fond words to our lips are welling—The words that we may use no more—We try to find relief in spelling.

For little Lydia runs no risk Of growing vain and highly-tighty From hearing "h-o-n-e-y," And "d-e-a-r," "s-w-e-e-t," "t-y," "y."

We say: "You a-n-g-e-l!" "You little f-a-i-r-y!" And Lydia beams up at us With looks of innocent inquiry.

But oh, sometimes we're sorrowful That we may never be endorsing. Nor use the tender, loving names Which once we used to Lydia's hearing.

And there is still a sadder thought—A cloud that there is no dispelling—Till only be a little while. Till Lydia understands our spelling!

—WILLIAM E. KNOLLYS, in "Youth's Companion."

A Night in Devil's Gully

By Owen Hall

IT WAS the edge of the forest at last. I had wandered for hours since I missed my companions in the endless mazes of that gray Tasmanian forest till I had almost made up my mind that I should have to spend the night there. The idea had been far from cheerful, and it was with a start of pleased surprise that I found myself, almost without any warning, in the open space once more. It was just sunset; the western sky was still one blaze of crimson glory, and the long shadows from the opposite range were flung darkly across the lower ground before me.

Not a breath of wind was stirring. It was so quiet, indeed, that after the first minute or two I could hear the rush and murmur of the little stream which appeared to run through the bottom of the valley, though it was invisible from the spot on which I stood. The sound reminded me that I was thirsty, and I made my way with hasty strides down the slope to where the rivulet—for in this summer weather it was no more—found its way through a channel almost hidden by a luxuriant growth of tree ferns and shrubs. I leaped hastily down the bank to the bed of pebbles below, and, leaning my gun against the bank, knelt on the stones and took a long draught of the deliciously cool water.

When I got up and looked around the first thing I noticed was the strange way in which a great rock hung beetling over the bed of the stream, almost like a tower that had somehow got tilted to one side. It was but a few yards higher up the stream than where I stood, and my eye caught sight of a path ascending the bank which looked as if it had been used quite lately. I felt my spirits rise at once. After all, my luck was not so bad as I had begun to fancy. This was a good deal better, at any rate, than being lost in the bush. The path looked as if it had been a good deal used, and even if nobody came along it that night I had only to wait for daylight to see the track for myself and find my way back again to my friends at Gartmore.

I paused to think what I should do in the meantime. As far as I could see there was no particular reason why I should not make a bed among the clumps of fern that covered the ground near the banks of the stream; and yet somehow I didn't like the idea. There might be snakes about, and even water rats would be disagreeable companions. The great boulder looked as if it had a flat top, and if I could only climb it I should certainly be out of harm's way during the night.

A dozen steps brought me to the foot of the rock, and as I looked up I saw that it was even higher than I had supposed. It seemed to rise almost perpendicularly on two sides, while on a third it overhung the bed of the stream; but on the side nearest me it sloped more gradually. I was still looking at it doubtfully when a distant sound from the forest, like the noise caused by the breaking of a branch, decided me to try it. I grasped my gun and scrambled up the face of the rock. It was not so difficult to climb as I had fancied, and in two or three minutes I had reached the top.

"Not such a bad place, either," I said to myself as I looked around. The top was nearly flat, or, if anything, slightly hollowed out, and there were tufts of grass and beds of moss upon it that promised to make something of a bed. I was satisfied that it would answer my purpose, and at any rate I wasn't likely to be disturbed by anything there. I was tired with my long tramp, but as yet I didn't feel sleepy, so I took a seat on the edge of the rock, with my legs hanging over, and prepared to enjoy a smoke.

It was very quiet. As I listened I could hear a sound except the low musical gurgle of the stream below me. Then I suddenly remembered the sound that had seemed to come from the forest as I stood hesitating at the foot of the rock. What could it have been? It was not loud; but for the silence around I should perhaps hardly have heard it at all. But it certainly sounded like the noise of a breaking stick, on which something had put a heavy foot. There had been no wind at all, so I must surely have been some living animal. I was just in the state of mind in which one is inclined to speculate lazily on passing things of little importance. It might have been cattle in the forest of course, but I had been told that cattle in Tasmania were kept within fences.

I listened for another sound of the same kind till I had almost persuaded myself that I heard something move on the hillside. I strained my eyes in the attempt to see what it was, but the light was too dark to make out anything even a few yards off. At last I gave it up. What did it matter, after all? It was most likely only my fancy; but even if there were anything there I was well out of its way on the top of my rock. I don't know how long I sat there, smoking and dreaming, but at last I began to grow sleepy, and before I mustered up energy enough to find a place to lie down I must have dozed off where I sat.

I woke with a start and rubbed my eyes, uncertain for the moment where I was or what had happened. It was light; only a gray, uncertain light, indeed, but enough to enable me to see the shadowy outline of the wooded range in front, and after the first few seconds to distinguish vaguely more than one of the great boulders that stood up here and there along the bottom of the little valley, looking like ghostly sentinels in the dim light. The moon herself had not yet risen above the forest range behind me, but the whole of the eastern sky had already grown white with her coming. I was looking at the sky over my shoulder, when I was startled by a sound that seemed to come from the shadows in front. It was not a sound I had ever heard before, but by an instinct I felt sure that it came from some living creature. It was not loud enough to be called a roar; it wasn't sharp enough for a bark, nor shrill enough for a scream, nor dull enough to be mistaken for a grunt; yet in some strange way it seemed to have something in common with each of these. I turned with a quick start, and instinctively my hand reached out for my gun. I peered eagerly into the gray shadows for a glimpse of something which might explain the sound, but all was vague and misty. The edge of the forest on the higher ground loomed out darkly in the reflected light from the sky, but the tree ferns and low shrubs that marked the course of the stream were blurred and indistinct in the ghostly mist, and I could no longer catch even a glimpse of the water that gushed and gurgled below me in the darkness. I glanced upward at the brightening sky and waited.

The light increased little by little. With each minute the dark forest lines took more and more the shape of individual trees. Then the gray mist that hung over the low ground began to grow thin and the heads of the taller tree ferns and bushes began to show above it, like treetsops on a river flat in flood time. Again! And this time nearer. It was the same strange composite sound, and now it made my nerves creep and my blood run cold. What could it be? I gripped my gun tightly with my hand and laid it across my knees. Whatever it was, I would at least be ready.

It came like magic. Suddenly the broad face of the moon showed above the forest ridge. It was four or five days past the full, indeed, but still its silvery disk, clear and bright, threw a flood of light across the valley. I bent forward eagerly and searched the still misty hollow with my eyes for the first sign of the thing that had startled me. Yes, there it was at last. Along the bank on the opposite side of the stream something was moving. Its movements were leisurely, almost slow. It was not so very large—no larger than a fairly large wild pig, though it was certainly not a pig. It looked strange and weird and unnatural. What was the reason? The chief thing seemed to be its color. It was black—so densely, absolutely, intensely black that it seemed to me at the moment as if I had never seen anything really black before. What could it be? I had lived all my life on the neighboring continent of Australia, and I had seen and hunted most of the wild animals there. I had chased kangaroos on horseback and stalked them on foot. I had shot wallabies and bandicoots by the score, and more than once, when I couldn't help it, I had killed an iguana. I had shot native bears, and once in northern Queensland I had killed a large python. But what was this? I had never seen or even fancied a creature like it. What could it be?

Whatever it was, it didn't hurry itself. Slowly and deliberately it came down the bank to the stream, and I could see it dimly in the shadow—a blacker spot in the darkness—stoop and drink. It seemed to be a long time about it, but it moved at last. It was coming across. I watched it as it waded slowly and deliberately through the water and climbed the bank on my side of the stream. Then it stood still, and it seemed to stare up at me as I sat in the moonlight. By this time the moonshine was falling full upon me, and I felt certain he was looking at me with a strange, questioning gaze. Suddenly he raised his head and repeated the cry I had heard before. Now that I saw him, I felt that it was exactly the cry I should have expected from him—so strange, so weird, so savage.

It was by an impulse rather than the result of thought that I did it. A curious feeling of repulsion and antagonism which I could not have reasonably explained prompted the act. Something in his appearance, something in that savage cry, may have led to it, but at least I felt that it was in the presence of an enemy. I raised the gun to my shoulder; I covered him deliberately; I fired. Even in the very act I fancied his eyes fixed me with a fierce stare of hatred. I could have sworn he was looking me in the face at the moment. I fired, and for several seconds I lost sight of him in the smoke, but I knew I hadn't missed my aim. A cry, wilder, stranger, more savage than before, followed the report of the gun. And—yes, it was answered. Not one only, but half a dozen cries, each like an echo of the first, rang out a weird reply. Then I knew what it was—a devil. Strange as it appears to me now in looking back, I had up to that moment

utterly forgotten the Tasmanian devil, had supposed the creature to be extinct, indeed, but I might have remembered the tales I had often heard as a boy of its demon blackness, its strange cries, and, above all, its temper of insatiable revenge.

As the smoke cleared away from him again. He was rolling on the ground, trying to tear himself savagely with those white teeth that glistened in the moonlight. Then he gave another of those devilish cries, and again there came the answering echoes. He struggled to his feet, and his eyes seemed to look for me with savage, cunning glances. I watched him as if I had been fascinated, and saw him suddenly stumble along the bank towards my rock. He came slowly and painfully, but he reached the foot of the great boulder at last. I put my hand hastily to my belt and drew out a cartridge—it was one of less than a dozen that were left—and rose slowly to my knees. As I did so I remembered that my cartridges had been intended only for shooting birds, and were certainly not meant for game like this.

He gave another cry, and again the echoes came from far and near. He had reared himself up and put his feet on the sloping face of the rock, while all the time his eyes seemed to be fixed on mine with looks of fiendish malignity. Suddenly there was a cry close behind him, and, as if encouraged by the sound, he made what appeared to be a desperate effort, and the next moment he was scrambling, rolling or climbing up the face of the rock with a motion that was quite indescribable in its clumsy eagerness. As he did so another black figure appeared at the bottom, and I heard a splash as a third began to wade the stream. It was growing serious indeed. I waited until he had got within a few feet of me, and then I fired. He gave a snarling howl and rolled to the bottom.

When the smoke cleared I could see him on the ground, but the other had begun to climb in his place. Slowly, carefully, doggedly he came on, as if his one object in existence was to reach me. I waited till he got near the top and then fired. He rolled half way down, and then he seemed to cling to the rock and stop. Then he began to crawl up again, gnashing his teeth and snapping fiercely at the places where the shot had wounded him. I had to fire again, this time almost into his face. before he rolled down again. And so it went on, with a sameness that grew more and more horrible, with a persistence which seemed to me nothing less than diabolical. One by one they came in answer to the cries of the wounded; one by one they attempted to storm the rock, with the same slow, desperate, untiring energy. I used up my cartridges, and yet they came. I clubbed my gun and felled them one by one. It was like the most horrible of nightmare dreams. No sooner did one disappear than another took his place. Battered, bleeding, hardly able to crawl, still they crept up, one by one.

I seemed to myself to have stood there for hours. My head had grown dizzy, my arms had become weak and numb. I could scarcely raise the gun to strike, and everything seemed to sway and quiver before my eyes. The attacks had gradually become more rare, but I think the strain of watching for them was more terrible than ever. A burning thirst, too, had begun to creep over me, and a sense of horror which I could hardly resist. It seemed long since I had struck the last blow, but I didn't dare for a single moment to relax my watchfulness. Suddenly it appeared to be within a yard of my foot—there was a black face, with fiendish eyes that glistened and great white teeth that glistened in the moonlight. With a sudden, desperate effort I heaved up the gun and struck at it. I thought the creature answered the blow with a diabolical laugh; and that was the last thought of which I was conscious.

Something cool fell on my cheeks and I opened my eyes. It was Tom Boyd's anxious face that was bending over me; it was his hand that was sprinkling water on me.

"Tom," I gasped—"Tom, where are they?"

Tom laughed. "The devils, you mean? Oh, they're all about among the scrub. I fancy you've cleared Devil's Gully for good and all."

Note.—The animal known in Australia as the Tasmanian devil is one of the only two survivors of what must at one time have been a widely distributed class of animals, to judge from the fossil remains already found in many parts of Australia. Like nearly every mammalian quadruped of the continent, the devil is a marsupial; but, with the solitary exception of the so-called Tasmanian wolf, he is the only surviving marsupial animal that is carnivorous, and may be regarded as a beast of prey. The devil is now very scarce, and will soon be extinct; but in the early convict days of the island—when Tasmania, then called Van Dieman's land, was the penal settlement for the worst class of British convicts—they were plentiful, and many ghastly stories were afloat of their attacks upon escaped convicts who had taken to the bush. It is believed that the name of devil was bestowed on the animal by the convicts, who had learned to look upon them with almost superstitious fear, partly in consequence of their appearance, but still more owing to their untiring perseverance in following up an enemy to the last with what looked like undying hatred. No specimen has ever been found on the continent of Australia.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Training Otters. Chinese and Indian fishermen have an ingenious way of training the otter. They catch a small cub and put a collar round the throat. The little creature, finding itself unable for days together to swallow anything it catches, gives up trying to do so and faithfully brings to the bank all the fish it captures.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

They were driving slowly, and he had been bending down to examine a creaking wheel of the rather dilapidated road wagon in which they sat, and, as he bent thus, the thought came to her for the hundredth time that John was failing, was feeble, that he had been so long at the wheel, broken, thin, and old, and the shaggy old mule on her own side, and she twisted with relief how firmly John's twisted fingers held the rustic rope lines, and that the old buggy whip, reserved only for these Sunday drives, came with a sure, strong stroke across the glossy little creature.

They were coming home from church, the new Methodist church, this bright spring day, and the warm sun glowed down pleasantly overhead and facilitated the disintegration of the dust clouds in the long, white country road.

"It was good, Annie. He done well for a young man," said the old man slowly, without looking at her, for his eyes were gazing over the fields they were passing, fields of hundreds of rows of tiny cotton plants.

"Yes, he is a better speaker than his father were. But, John, I feel the lonelier for having heard him. I've been thinking, John—there, you know, and I were thinking—"

"Well, Annie?"

"Only, John, that if you fell ill, or I, you know—not willing to alarm him—and if one of us should die—we've lived so long together—it would be hard. It will surely be lonely for one of us some time, you know, with no one, and—without the other."

They drove on in silence. They had lived their whole lives together, and a peaceful, loving friendship had brought them into such close sympathy they often sat together for long intervals without speaking. Her face was smaller than his own; but, so much alike were their faded features, even a stranger would have guessed them brother and sister.

Presently he got out to open the big gate that let them into their own back yard. It was rather a small house, but it was the only home either had ever known, and was made precious by lifelong familiarity and association.

She was glad, yet almost sorry, too, as she sat rocking and listening on the low gallery. It had been her idea, suggested somehow away back in the spring by that sermon, to have somebody come and help them, and live with them, and make a "family." And from Missouri Mary's son had written that he was willing; that his wife had "taken to it at once," and that they had two children.

He was Sister Mary's only son, and Mary had died long ago in Missouri, and the boy had never seen them. It was natural, should have asked: "How many acres are in the farm?" and if they were "mortgaged up," not understanding that they were two poor old people offering him a wealth of love.

She was going to give them her "best room," a sort of parlor, and she went and stood in the doorway of the low, large room, looking lovingly into the cool interior. Already she half felt that she had done wrong to ask these strangers to come and make their home there; that she and John, who had lived so long quietly together, were happier perhaps alone. When she reached the gallery again she was coughing, and her mouth was moist with the blood that had come so often it had ceased to alarm her. She looked thin, and old, and frail, her white hair and glasses glistening in the sun rays. She was "set in her ways" and "sickly" and "old maidish," but, for all that, her heart was hungry and sick for companionship, some one to love them—her and John.

It was October, her pretty face glowing from a recent nearness to the stove.

"Sweetheart," she said lovingly to her husband, "this is the first house we have ever owned, and now I want you to buy me some pretty roses and cut away those scraggy bushes in the front yard. That old cloth of gold hardly bears a perfect bloom; besides, it's unhealthy to have vines on the house."

Something large and hard seemed to come up in Aunt Annie's throat; but before she could speak she was told to hear John say, solemnly, if somewhat huskily: "No, Philip. That vine was given me when a youth by my one sweetheart. She is dead, and you must not cut it down, sir. And the other flowers are Annie's."

The young husband and wife exchanged glances, and when one of them spoke it was to change the subject.

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Perhaps he was bowed by a rush of old memories, and sat recalling the sorrow that had so long blighted his life.

She went over, and did a thing she had not done for years—kissed John good night upon the forehead, and then, as usual at this display of Jewish weakness and tenderness before these strangers, she almost ran to her room. She undressed hastily, but had scarcely turned down the light before a faint salt taste was in her mouth. Although conscious of little pain, she felt a great weakness coming over her, a great pressure over her breast. She pushed off the cover and called faintly. Across the hall the younger child was crying, and its voice seemed to drown her own. She lay still for what seemed a long time, the blood waiting the pillow and darkening the cheek white and faint.

Presently the door opened softly and a rough old hand closed over her own.

"Annie!" his voice was low and it sounded far off—"Annie!"

She tried to speak, and, failing, would have raised her head in acknowledgment of his presence. But the blood gushed warm and thick and she sank back coughing, dying, strangled in her own life blood. And the hand, bent fingers clasped her closer, and to the ears of the dying woman came faintly the sound of the old man sobbing.

It was spring; the rose will grow on the gallie stand was holding to the sunshine a hundred burning faint gold buds. Nell had never alluded to it again; indeed, the entire front yard seemed fallen into pitiable neglect. A sow had torn off a loose board, and her pigs, half concealed by the wet grass, were gunning and rooting among some lily bulbs. The children, "forbidden" to go on the front gallery, peered curiously around the door facing, alternately pushing one another out and scrambling within the open door again.

"What's uncle doing, stooping down there by the fence?" and one child

"Mending it," answered the older "Ain't he been there a long time!"

The nephew, pausing, looked out. Noting the stiffness of his uncle crouched in the rickety fence corner, he went out to see what was the matter; then he called gently to his wife that he had found the "old man" dead.—Jennie Montgomery, in New Orleans Times Democrat.

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LINCOLN WON SUCCESS.

Interesting Story of One of His Most Victorious at the Bar in Springfield.

A suit was brought in the United States court in Springfield, against a citizen, for an infringement of a patent right, says "Thomas Lewis' Recollections of Lincoln in Leslie's Weekly. Mr. Lincoln was employed to defend it. Mr. Lincoln went to the most skillful architect in the city, inquired how he spent his winter evenings, and received the reply: "If times are brisk I sometimes work; other times I have no special business." Mr. Lincoln said: "I have a patent-right case in court; I want you as a partner, and will divide fees. I know nothing about mechanics—never made it a study. I want you to make a list of the best works on mechanism, as I don't suppose they can be purchased here. I will furnish the money, and you can send to Chicago or New York for them. I want you to come to my house one night each week and give me instruction." In a short time he had witnesses to meet him, and they were thoroughly drilled. When the trial commenced Mr. Lincoln put his questions at the cross-examinations so scientifically that many witnesses were bothered to reply. When his witnesses were put on the stand, so skillful were his questions that the court, the jury and the bar all wondered how "Abel" Lincoln knew so much about mechanism. His witnesses could reply promptly. He gained the suit and a reputation such that Mr. Lincoln was retained in every patent-right case brought into the court up to the time he was sent to Washington. He went to Chicago, St. Louis, Iowa, Ohio, Kentucky and Michigan to try patent-right cases, and the last year of his practice did little else.

HOW BALLOONS ARE MADE.

The Fabric of Which They Are Composed Is Put Together with Great Care.

The balloons are manufactured of goldbeater's skin, which, though small toy ones had been made of it, could not be produced in sufficient quantities for the large balloons until Col. Temple invented and perfected the process, which is briefly as follows, says the Pall Mall Magazine:

The goldbeater's skin is made up of quantities of a certain thin animal membrane (30,000 of these are required for a balloon of 10,000 cubic feet capacity), which is first freed from all fatty substances and then soaked in a solution of glycerin and water. They are then applied to boards cut in the form and to the size of the gore of the balloon required; others are then superposed, until a thickness of four layers has been reached, great care being taken that no air bubbles remain between the skins. After this fourth layer a method of strengthening is resorted to, in the shape of a net manufactured of skin. After this net two or three more layers of membranes are applied. The whole is then allowed to dry, and a solution of boiled linseed oil is used as a varnish. The fabric is then quite indissoluble, and the membranes cannot by any possible means be separated from one another, but sometimes, to render this homogeneity the more perfect, a solution of bichromate of potash is sponged over the fabric.

FIRST HORSELESS CARRIAGE.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1899.
The campaign should be made clean and fair.
There is occasionally a public official who serves his country best by resigning.
Admiral Dewey's flag has been raised in the Philippines. Now who is going to haul it down?
Our citizens are apparently more pleased over the success of our dry dock bill than anything else.
Astronomers now contend that Jupiter is a gaseous planet. Ascent of celestial W. J. Bryan, as it were.
Base ball has become highly popular in Santiago and other Cuban cities. That game is certainly a great Americanizer.
Evidently the upward movement in wages is affecting everything in that line except the wages of sin. No increase is reported in that quarter.
Dispatches from Manila state that Col. Fife, of the American army, has been suspended from rank and pay for one month. It appears that Fife went on a "hook."
Under the law making him a full admiral, Uncle George Dewey's pay will be advanced from \$6,000 to \$12,000 a year. Is there anybody who says he doesn't deserve it?
It is said that the reorganized, which trust has an aggregate capital of \$123,500,000. That sum ought to stimulate the business operations of the concern in a marked degree.
Doubtless the passenger rate war among the transatlantic steamship lines will be amicably adjusted long before the rush of summer travel begins. Such conflicts are too costly to last for any extended period.
Chile has several first-class warships which she wants to sell, and it is intimated that this government may buy them. There are contingencies in which these vessels might be very useful things to have on hand.
AT THE NAVY YARD.
The building of a modern warship at this yard would give the station what it most needs.
A team laden with nearly two tons of flour broke down while leaving the yard on Wednesday.
The mechanic and laborer is now placing his name on the applicant's list for employment at the yard.
The item in the appropriation bill for a steam railroad at this yard was stricken by the committee on conference.
The League Island navy yard gets \$800,767 for yard improvements. The amount appears to have grown in the committee on conference.
The fact that the question of our dry dock has been settled is a relief to the civil engineers' force and they will now push all their preliminary work to a rapid completion.
STORY OF A SLAVE
To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich., tells how such a slave was made free. He says: "My wife has been so helpless for six years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of E. J. Williams' Pink Pills, she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work." "I have never known a remedy for female ailments so quickly cure nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, head-ache, back-ache, fainting and dizzy spells. This wonderful medicine is a godsend to weak, sickly, run-down people. It is guaranteed. Only 50 cents. Globe Grocery Co., Druggist."

THE NEW DOCK.
Bids For Construction To Be Called For At Once.
To Be Of The Largest Proportions And Like Boston.
WASHINGTON, March 8.—The bureau of yards and docks has decided to issue advertisements in the course of a month for the construction of a stone dry dock of the largest proportions at Portsmouth, N. H. A great deal of time is usually required for the preparation of plans for such a dock to serve as the basis for the invitation for proposals, but the navy department will be able to act with expedition in the case of the Portsmouth dock by availing of the plans prepared last winter for the Boston stone dock, that to be built at Portsmouth being almost the same in plan.

COMMANDER ASA WALKER COMING HOME.
WASHINGTON, March 8.—Commander Asa Walker has been detached from the command of the gunboat Concord and ordered home on waiting orders. Commander H. G. Colley has been detached from duty at Boston as inspector in charge of the second lighthouse district and ordered to the command of the Concord. Lieutenant Commander J. R. Selfridge has been ordered to take charge of the second lighthouse district at Boston.

LEGISLATIVE PROCEEDINGS.
CONCORD, March 8.—The senate this afternoon passed the appropriations for the State college; for screening the outlets of the large lakes; for Dartmouth college; and bills requiring street railway companies to enclose car platforms in winter; provisions for the laying out of an ocean boulevard; relating to the expense of members of the supreme court; to incorporate the Chester and Exeter street railway, and for the promotion of horticulture. The senate killed bills requiring the inspection of elevators and requiring stenographic reports of the legislature's proceedings. The house passed a bill granting \$7 per month extra pay to all members of the First New Hampshire volunteers in the war with Spain; also act for the appointment of liquor agents in cities and towns.

EDWARD M. PEARSON FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.
CONCORD, March 8.—The republicans of the legislature tonight nominated Edward M. Pearson of Concord for secretary of state, to succeed Ezra S. Stearns, resigned. Mr. Pearson received 134 votes and James E. Dodge of Manchester 114. The democrats nominated Charles A. Morse of Newmarket. The election will be held tomorrow afternoon.

DOVE TO HIS DEATH.
NEW YORK, March 8.—Thomas Donaldson, the champion high diver, dove from the roof of Madison Square garden, a distance of eighty-five feet, this afternoon, with probably fatal results. It is not thought he will live through the night.

HENRY ROBINSON REAPPOINTED POSTMASTER AT CONCORD.
WASHINGTON, March 8.—The president today appointed several postmasters who were previously appointed during the last session of congress and subsequently were not confirmed. The appointments include that of Henry Robinson to be postmaster of Concord.

DINED WITH EMPEROR WILLIAM.
BERLIN, March 8.—United States Ambassador White and Mrs. White attended the banquet given this evening by Emperor William to the members of the diplomatic corps.

COL. TETLEY NOMINATED FOR MAYOR OF LACONIA.
LACONIA, March 8.—At the republican caucus tonight, Col. Edman Tetley was nominated for mayor.

THE RALEIGH AT ALGIERS.
ALGERES, March 8.—The United States cruiser Raleigh, on her way home from Mexico, arrived here this afternoon and is coming preparatory to resuming her journey.

BALTIMORE AND MONTEREY AT MANILA.
WASHINGTON, March 8.—The navy de-

THE NEW DOCK.
Bids For Construction To Be Called For At Once.
To Be Of The Largest Proportions And Like Boston.
WASHINGTON, March 8.—The bureau of yards and docks has decided to issue advertisements in the course of a month for the construction of a stone dry dock of the largest proportions at Portsmouth, N. H. A great deal of time is usually required for the preparation of plans for such a dock to serve as the basis for the invitation for proposals, but the navy department will be able to act with expedition in the case of the Portsmouth dock by availing of the plans prepared last winter for the Boston stone dock, that to be built at Portsmouth being almost the same in plan.

COMMANDER ASA WALKER COMING HOME.
WASHINGTON, March 8.—Commander Asa Walker has been detached from the command of the gunboat Concord and ordered home on waiting orders. Commander H. G. Colley has been detached from duty at Boston as inspector in charge of the second lighthouse district and ordered to the command of the Concord. Lieutenant Commander J. R. Selfridge has been ordered to take charge of the second lighthouse district at Boston.

LEGISLATIVE PROCEEDINGS.
CONCORD, March 8.—The senate this afternoon passed the appropriations for the State college; for screening the outlets of the large lakes; for Dartmouth college; and bills requiring street railway companies to enclose car platforms in winter; provisions for the laying out of an ocean boulevard; relating to the expense of members of the supreme court; to incorporate the Chester and Exeter street railway, and for the promotion of horticulture. The senate killed bills requiring the inspection of elevators and requiring stenographic reports of the legislature's proceedings. The house passed a bill granting \$7 per month extra pay to all members of the First New Hampshire volunteers in the war with Spain; also act for the appointment of liquor agents in cities and towns.

EDWARD M. PEARSON FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.
CONCORD, March 8.—The republicans of the legislature tonight nominated Edward M. Pearson of Concord for secretary of state, to succeed Ezra S. Stearns, resigned. Mr. Pearson received 134 votes and James E. Dodge of Manchester 114. The democrats nominated Charles A. Morse of Newmarket. The election will be held tomorrow afternoon.

DOVE TO HIS DEATH.
NEW YORK, March 8.—Thomas Donaldson, the champion high diver, dove from the roof of Madison Square garden, a distance of eighty-five feet, this afternoon, with probably fatal results. It is not thought he will live through the night.

HENRY ROBINSON REAPPOINTED POSTMASTER AT CONCORD.
WASHINGTON, March 8.—The president today appointed several postmasters who were previously appointed during the last session of congress and subsequently were not confirmed. The appointments include that of Henry Robinson to be postmaster of Concord.

DINED WITH EMPEROR WILLIAM.
BERLIN, March 8.—United States Ambassador White and Mrs. White attended the banquet given this evening by Emperor William to the members of the diplomatic corps.

COL. TETLEY NOMINATED FOR MAYOR OF LACONIA.
LACONIA, March 8.—At the republican caucus tonight, Col. Edman Tetley was nominated for mayor.

THE RALEIGH AT ALGIERS.
ALGERES, March 8.—The United States cruiser Raleigh, on her way home from Mexico, arrived here this afternoon and is coming preparatory to resuming her journey.

BALTIMORE AND MONTEREY AT MANILA.
WASHINGTON, March 8.—The navy de-

TAKE DR. GREENE'S NERVURA
The Best Spring Medicine in the World.
If there is one thing which the people have proved, it is the absolute necessity of taking a spring medicine during the trying changes of the spring months. Spring always finds the system debilitated and impaired, the blood impoverished and impure, the nerves weak and relaxed, the organs clogged and inactive, in fact the whole system run down and more or less out of order. Everybody, therefore, needs a spring remedy, and what people should take is the best purifying and most strengthening medicine possible, like Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. By this means only can they insure themselves positively against the weakening and debilitating effects of spring. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, because of its great purifying and blood enriching properties is the greatest of blood builders. It is the most strengthening and invigorating restorative for blood, nerves and body, and by its gentle and healthful effects arouses the stomach, liver and kidneys from their sluggish and inactive condition. It is the one true, ideal spring medicine to take, is perfectly harmless, and always makes the weak strong and well. It is, therefore, the best possible spring remedy to take.
Mrs. S. M. Hall, Wentworth, N. H., says:
"About two years ago I was taken with nervous prostration, being confined to my bed for a long while. After I got up I was weak and nervous and was not able to do anything for quite a while. I employed a doctor but he could not do me much good. I got five bottles of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy and after taking it I was completely restored to health, and I have not had any return of my troubles. I have heard Nervura highly spoken of and in my case I could not sleep at all nights, so I gladly recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura to sick people and should be pleased to answer any inquiries."
More people use Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy for their spring medicine than any other remedy, because it is prepared by a regular physician, in fact by the most famous and successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic or lingering diseases. Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Pl., Boston, Mass., and everybody, therefore, knows positively that it is exactly and perfectly adapted to cure. Besides, all have the privilege of consultation and advice with Dr. Greene, without charge, either by calling or writing about their cases.



partment is informed that the cruiser Baltimore and the monitor Monterey, which have been in dry dock at Hong Kong, have arrived at Manila.

CITY AFFAIRS.
The full dress party under the management of Miss Mabel Jones, in Peirce hall this evening, promises to be one of the society events of the year.
The regular meeting of the board of mayor and aldermen will be held this evening. The last meeting of the present common council will also be held at this time.
Tobey's Real Estate agency reports the sale of the dwelling house, No. 1 McDonough street, owned by Mrs. Nancy L. Rice to Mr. J. M. Martin of Boston, who buys for investment.
Quite a good sized crowd from this city went to North Hampton on Wednesday evening to attend the social reception and dance given by the pupils of Prof. J. H. Wilson at Centennial hall.
The Pilgrim Fathers are contemplating removal from their present quarters to the hall in the old custom house at the corner of Daniel and Penhallow streets. Action will be taken at the next stated meeting of Langdon colony.
Maj Robert H. Rolfe of Concord, who is an inspector general on the staff of General Brooke in Cuba, has completed the list of the Cuban army and has reported an extraordinary state of affairs. He estimated that the total number in the army is 50,000, of which number 25,000 are officers.
Through the efforts of Benjamin T. Whitehouse of Dover, a Socialist Labor ticket has been nominated in ward 3 here as follows: For alderman, Benjamin E. Smith; councilmen, Frank Wentworth and John G. Yarwood. In no other ward did he get the necessary fifty names to have his ticket printed on the official ballot.
WASHINGTON TOURS, \$23.
Including side trip to Mount Vernon and Alexandria, under the personally-conducted tourist system of the Pennsylvania Railroad, leaving Boston January 23, February 6 and 27, March 13 and 27, April 10 and 24. Seven days, \$23. Side trip to Old Point Comfort. Itinerary of D. N. Bell, Tourist Agent, 205 Washington Street, Boston.

For Over Fifty Years
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, cures the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle.

No matter how long you have had the cough; if it hasn't already developed into consumption Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will cure it.

The horse of Ira Seymour ran away on Vaughan street Wednesday and narrowly escaped being struck by a train at the Vaughan street crossing.

Soreful, salt rheum and all diseases caused by impure blood are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is America's Greatest Medicine.

No To-Die-for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed to cure habit or mother was cured of blood purifier. The \$1.00 bottle.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—The navy de-

AT A CHINESE BANQUET.
Many Courses Served in a Mysterious Way—Dishes That Will Ever Be a Secret.
I had a novel experience the other night, says the Star's Yokohama correspondent, in being the sole European guest at a dinner party attended by some 600 progressive Chinamen. The occasion was the birthday of Confucius. That sage, according to Chinese calculation, was born 2,449 years ago. Confucius has still a strong hold on the educated Chinese, and the party of reform, of which the unfortunate Kang-Yin-Wei was the leader, are particularly attached to his teachings. The reformers, indeed, have lately been making strenuous efforts to revive the cult of Confucius, and this was the first time for many years that his birthday has been celebrated in style. Probably in China the victorious conservatives did their best to crush the movement, but here in Yokohama it was a great success. Nearly all the Chinese of the place, except the legation people and the employees of the Russo-Turkish bank—who are Manchus—joined in.
The dinner was held at the joshhouse, which was a perfect blaze of Chinese lanterns, electric light and grand dragon flags, and crowded with Chinese in their most brilliant silks—reds and greens and blues of the liveliest possible shades. Seats were provided for everyone—an improvement on the Japanese custom of sitting on one's knees—and the meal was served on small tables to accommodate four. The dinner commenced at 6:30 o'clock, and it ended at 11 o'clock, and there was eating and drinking the whole time, with no laborious speeches to distract the attention, no music to divert one from the main object, and no irritating humorist to waste time. Your Chinese may be effete, but he can eat and drink like a Gothic hero.
The method of serving was peculiar. Before each guest was placed a little cup, not much bigger than a thimble, to contain the hot liquor beloved of the Celestial; a plate about two inches in diameter, a porcelain spoon, and some ivory chopsticks. Each course was brought on in a large basin, placed in the center of the table, and the guests helped themselves as they pleased. The plate was so small as to be quite useless, and so the chopsticks moved from the guests' lips to the basin direct, in a manner which was a little repellant to European ideas. The plate and cup, I should add, had to serve for about 20 courses.
The first course was of trifles—parched almonds, melon seeds, a kind of radish, and field bananas. Fancy any one but a Chinese beginning a dinner in that dry way. Melon seeds in particular strike one as impossible as part of a menu. After toying with these for a few minutes the next course arrived. It was no other than the famous bird's nest soup. Like Huckleberry Finn's dream of being rich, it's "not what it is cracked up to be," but I can imagine it being quite edible if one is hungry. Then came shark's fin, which my palate told me was not at all bad, though my reason rebelled against the verdict. Then there was a pigeon done in mysterious fashion, chicken and some unknown fungus, translated to me as mushrooms (which it was not); salmon stewed in mysterious sauces, and fried chicken and bamboo.
Young bamboo roots are a common dish with both Chinese and Japanese, and are almost as succulent and nourishing as sea chips. Then there was the brain of the wong fish, which appears to be quite an intellectual fish, for there was more than enough brain for the 600 present. What the wong fish is, its size, shape, habits and moral character, I have no idea. Then followed a duck which had been cleverly boned and boiled in its own skin. Then came the awabi shellfish (of which again I am ashamed to confess ignorance), a preparation of pork as fat as an alderman and as rich as Rockefeller; more mushrooms and bamboo in cryptic sauces, chicken and ham, and one or two other things, the component parts of which not even Lord Rayleigh could have determined. Finally—a blessed relief!—cakes, tea and fruits.
A cigarette was smoked religiously after each course, and at the end of it all each guest was given a little box of outlandish confectionery.
The Chinaman makes a jolly host, and, when well educated, is by no means an uninteresting person. I was speaking with one who could talk English like a professor, who had enlightened ideas on the necessity of a free press and the advantages of railways and telegraphs for China. He had passed a stiff English examination in mathematics and ancient and modern languages. A Japanese of similar attainments would have made of himself a greasy frock-coated horror, with a napless pot head and brown boots. But this man stuck manfully to every detail of his national costume. He had a most pronounced pigtail, a yellow silk tunic and blue satin breeches. One respected him for it.—London Star.

Green Badges of Courage.
A great many people do not know why army surgeons wear green sashes. It is not so much an insignia of rank as it is a protection to the wearer. According to the code of war, surgeons are never shot or taken prisoners. To deliberately shoot a surgeon while he is wearing his sash is considered a violation of the code, punishable by death.
Because of this provision, surgeons of one army never refuse to look after the wounded of the other army if it is possible for them to do so. During the civil war it was often the case that after a battle the field hospitals would contain almost an equal number of men dressed in blue and gray. The Federal army had the best surgeons and the best stores, and a wounded Confederate considered himself in great luck if he was removed to a Federal hospital to be cared for by Federal surgeons and physicians.
But in the heat of battle a green sash is not much protection, and surgeons were often wounded or killed. But this did not keep the surgeons at the rear until the battle was over. They were often found in the thick of the fray, dressing wounds and sending the wounded to the rear. There's was a perilous as well as a noble duty, and they performed it well.

Now We Met Her.
She was the very sweetest girl I ever ran across. But how to make apologies I really am at loss.
I struck her coasting down a hill. My wheel the maid did toss—She was the very sweetest girl I ever ran across.

Kindness vs. Money.
"Haven't I always been kind to you?" said a fond but penniless husband to his loving wife.
"You have," was the reply, "but I am not so sure but what I would prefer, in place of kindness and no money, unkindness and plenty of money."—N. Y. Sun.

A REFORMATION.
Urged Charlie to Go Through the Line and Forgive.
"See here, my son, you must either retire from the junior partnership I've just given you or you must quit football," and the old merchant sat very straight in his office chair.
"If it's a mere matter of choice, I prefer football."
"Of course you do, just like any other feather-headed boy, but your decision involves all your future prospects. Once out of here you must shift for yourself. Understand that."
After much discussion the old gentleman consented to let the young man play one more game and to be present as a witness, much as he disliked the "brutal and barbarous" sport.
With his ulcer collar about his ears, his face enveloped in frowns and his hands in his pockets, the stern man of business saw the kick-off. Inside of three minutes his hands were beating the air while he shouted encouragement to the home eleven. "Go through 'em!" he yelled excitedly. "Tear 'em up! That's it, boys, pulverize 'em! Dynamite 'em! Go it, Charley," as his own son tore around the end with the ball. "Get there, boy! Whoopie! Knock that fellow down if he tries to get in your way again. Keep a lump-in, Hickey split, Charley! Hooray! you threw that fellow a rod. Wish I could get hold of him. Tried to pull you down. I saw him, the rascal. Good dodge. Hip! Hip! Tiger! You beat 'em all out, Charley. Never mind what I said to-day. Beats anything I ever saw," and the florid-faced old gentleman who had been rushing along the ropes like a madman was right there at the goal, still puffing and shouting. "Now father and son go to the games together."

Literally So.
"Why do you call him a dead game sport?"
"Because he invariably purchases his game of the butcher after each of his hunting trips."

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF COD-LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES
should always be kept in the house for the following reasons:
FIRST—Because, if any member of the family has a hard cold, it will cure it.
SECOND—Because, if the children are delicate and sickly, it will make them strong and well.
THIRD—Because, if the father or mother is losing flesh and becoming thin and emaciated, it will build them up and give them flesh and strength.
FOURTH—Because it is the standard remedy in all throat and lung affections.
No household should be without it. It can be taken in summer as well as in winter.
Sole and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

LATEST DESIGNS IN WALL PAPERS FOR 1899.
JOSEPH E. HOXIE
PAINTER & DECORATOR
Cor State and Pleasant Sts.,
Invites the public to examine his large line of wall paper and borders before purchasing elsewhere.
We execute everything in the painting and decorative line and do our work to the satisfaction of our customers.
Estimates cheerfully given.
TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

Buy Now!
I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW LOT OF Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagons, Steam Laundry Wagons, Store Wagons and Blankets Carriages.
Also a large line of New and Second-Hand Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices.
Just drop around and look them over if you do not want to buy.
THOMAS McCUE,
Stone Stable—Fleet Street

Classified Advertisements
Small advertisements on third without charge.
Seven Words to a Line.
Such as WANTED, For Sale and To Let. 10 cents per week. 20 cents one insertion.
WANTED—Case of bad health that I-A-K-E will not benefit. Send 5 cents to Huppes Chemical Co., New York, for 10 same pills and 1,000 testimonials.
TO LET—Furnished room with steam heat. Apply at 24 Fleet street.
Piano for sale. High grade upright piano. Has been used very little. Will be sold. Address G. H. D. Box 313, Dover, N. H.
Send 10 cents to us and we will send you a list of our Dandruff and Scalp Care. F. McKee, New N. H.
FOR SALE—Ten B-I-T-A-N-S for 5 cents each. One gives relief.

Professional Cards.
W. O. JUNKINS, M. D.
Residence, 98 State St.
Office, 26 Congress St.
Portsmouth, N. H.
OFFICE HOURS: 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.
C. D. HINMAN, D. D. S.
DENTAL ROOMS, 16 MARKET SQUARE, Portsmouth, N. H.

F. S. TOWLE, M. D.
78 State Street, Portsmouth, N. H.
Office Hours: 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Introduction
The readers of this paper need no introduction to the Frank Jones Brewing Co. or its products; when the statement is made by this reliable house that their new

Victor Bottled Ale
is second to none in existence and they are ready to stand behind the assertion, further proof of quality is not necessary.
Are you satisfied that 40 years of successful business means anything? If so send your next order to
Frank Jones Brewing Co.,
Portsmouth, N. H.,
or **Newbolds Bottling Co.,**
Newfields, N. H.,
and make assurance doubly sure. A word to the wise is sufficient.
Put up in 1-2 pints, pints and quarts.
P. S.—Remember the brand "VICTOR"
BOTTLED BY NEWBOLD'S BOTTLING CO., NEWFIELDS, N. H.

OLIVER W. HAM
SUCCESSOR TO SAMUEL S. FLETCHER,
60 Market Street,
Furniture Dealer
— AND —
Undertaker.
NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover Street and at residence, Cor. New Vaughan Street and Raynes Ave.
Telephone 59-2.

STANDARD BRAND.
Newark cement.
400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Loaded.
THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT
has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the Principal Government and Other Public Works, and has received the commendation of Engineers, Architects and University geologists. For more information consult our circular. Outside the city.
FOR SALE BY
JOHN E. BROUGHTON.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
Personally Conducted TOURS
 Under escort of Tourist Agent on Chaperon

UPPER SOUTH.
Visiting Gettysburg, Luray, Virginia Hot Springs, Natural Bridge, Richmond and Washington.
Leaves Boston October 16.
Special Train of Parlor Cars From New York
RATE: Boston, \$75.00; New York, \$45.00

Gettysburg, Luray and Washington.
Eight-Day Tour, Oct. 31.
Going via Fall River Line, returning via rail.

RATE, \$26.00.

WASHINGTON.

December 26, 1898. January 2, Feb. 6 and
March 13 and 27, April 3, 10 and 24, 1899;
Seven Days. **RATE, \$23.00.**

Itineraries of D. N. BELL, Tour
Agent, 205 Washington Street, Boston.

J. R. WOOD, GEO W. BOYD,
Gen. Pass. Agt. Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.

**Stoddard's
Stable**

HAS BEEN FITTED OUT WITH
NEW CARRIAGES.

You can get the lightest and most
comfortable run-out in the state at

STODDARD'S.

NEW HACKS, FOR WEDDINGS AND
OTHER PARTIES

TELEPHONE 1-2.
SALE AND LIVERY BUSINESS
Old Furniture
Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it reupholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions
And Coverings.

R. H. HALL

MANHATTAN STREET, EAST WOOD

**NEWARK CEMENT
COBB'S EXTRA LIM
— AND —
DRAIN PIPE.**

We receive weekly shipments
FRESH STOCK.
J. A. & A. W. WALKER
COAL AND WOOD

C. E. WALKER & CO.,
Commission Merchants
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Coal and Wood
Office cor. State and Water Sts.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

CEMETERY LOTS CARVED BY

AND TURNING DOWN

With increased facilities the company is enabled to provide the best of material to erect new lots in any of the cemeteries or may be entrusted to his skill in the grading of the same, also to the erecting of the head and foot stones, and the raising of the monuments to erect the same in the most artistic manner. In this season, the work of our company is in short notice.

For further information, also for prices, or to make an estimate, call on the company or write to the company, 1000 Broadway, New York City.

W. J. GARDNER

Neuroscience Letters

NEW 1899
WASH DRESS FABRICS
Now Ready.
PERCALES,
GINGHAMS, PIQUES, LAWNS.
LEWIS E. STAPLES,
7 Market Street.

OUR FIRST DUTY
Is to Compound Prescriptions.
 We are always ready to do that; from early morning until late at night you'll find dependable service here. And when we say dependable service, we not only mean that a skilled pharmacist will prepare your medicines, but that each ingredient will be of the best quality and in perfect condition.
 We are reasonable in price, too.
PHILBRICK'S PHARMACY
FRANKLIN BLOCK.
Portsmouth, N. H.

W. E. Paul
Sanitary Plumber,
Heating Engineer
and Contractor.
WINDMILLS AND PIPING.
 SOLE AGENT FOR
MAGEE
Boston Heater Furnace
MAGEE
Grand Ranges and Stoves.
KITCHEN FURNISHING GOOD.
TELEPHONE 55-5,
39 to 45 Market Street,

JOHN G. TOBEY, JR.
SURVEYOR
AUCTIONEER,
REAL ESTATE
AND INSURANCE
32 Congress St.
WE HAVE
CANDY
At All Prices From
10 Cents a Pound Up.
Call and See Our Stock.
RALPH GREEN,
85 Congress Street.

THE HERALD.
THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1899.
PORTSMOUTH ENTITLED TO IT.
 The Boston Journal, which has been fair towards Portsmouth in the fight for new dry docks, pays this city a compliment in the following editorial:
 Secretary Long chooses wisely in giving a new stone dry dock to the Portsmouth navy yard, rather than to League Island or Mare Island. At neither the Philadelphia nor the San Francisco naval station is the depth of water wholly adequate for first class battleships, but Portsmouth has one of the deepest harbors on the North American coast. Portsmouth's disadvantages are the narrowness of the main ship channel at a port where it makes an almost right angle turn, and the exceeding swiftness of the tidal currents, but these are difficulties which can be met by careful navigation. There ought to be two dry docks of the largest size on the northern New England seaboard. Boston, of course, is the place for one of these, and Portsmouth is the proper place for the other. This insures the maintenance of the Portsmouth station in reasonably full activity for many years.

AFTER THE PLUMS.
 The following named gentlemen are said to be candidates for city clerk, should the republicans carry the city councils: Simon R. Marston, Herbert B. Dow, John G. Tobey, Jr., James Salter, and of course William H. Moore.
 For city messenger, James Quinn, Leslie Norman, William T. Entwistle, Henry O. Batten and the present messenger Winfield S. Lord.
 City Auditor, C. Dwight Hanscom.
 Street Commissioner, John F. Leavitt, A. Milton Gardner, Oren W. Bartlett, Edward Bewley.
 City Solicitor, Edward H. Adams, S. Peter Emery, John W. Kelley, H. B. Willard.
 City Physician, George E. Pender, F. S. Towle, Benjamin Cheever, James Dixon.

GAVE AN ASSEMBLY.
 Crystal Wave Assembly, Pythian Sisterhood, gave one of their popular assemblies in Conservatory hall on Wednesday evening, the 8th inst., which was largely attended.
 These assemblies have been extremely popular during the present winter and always bring out a good crowd.
 The committee on arrangements for Wednesday evening were: Mrs. Rogers, chairman; Mrs. Cotton, Mrs. Langdon, Mrs. Foote, Mrs. Chesley, Mrs. Rigby and Mrs. Whitehouse.
 The ladies are to give another whist party in the near future.

A GAIN REPORTED.
 "My mother had dizzy spells and she began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. She gained in health and strength and was soon able to be about the house. She is now enjoying good health. We think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine there is." Miss Nettie M. Gross, 39 Brewster St., Rockland, Me.,
 Hood's Pills give strength even while their cathartic qualities are at work. Easy to take.

EGGS MORE PLENTIFUL.
 Quotations and conditions in the egg trade still have an irregular and erratic tendency. Receipts, however, have shown an increase this week, and this virtually compels a lower price level, for the time cannot be far off when the usual spring overproduction will take place, and surplus eggs looking for snug corners in cold storage will be with us once more.

ANNOUNCEMENT.
 Today, and every day next week, out advertised agents, the Globe Grocery Co., will sell you a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, "The Best Salve in the World," and guarantee it to cure Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or money refunded.
H. E. BUCKLEN & CO.,
 Chicago, Ill.

CUBAN INDUSTRIAL RELIEF.
 The Cuban Industrial Relief fund, through their secretary, Herbert M. Allen, acknowledge the receipt of \$10.45, the net amount of the offering made some time ago at a union meeting in behalf of several Young People's societies of this city.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.
 Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cuticura, Candy Cuticura, clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cuticura—beauty for ten cents. All drug stores, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.
 "I suffered for months from sore throat. Electric Oil cured me in twenty four hours." M. S. Gist, Hawesville, Ky.

PICKED UP ON THE SANDS.
 May Be the Vest of Either Paul Marden or William Noone
 This continues a telephone message was received from Captain Wells of Wall's Sands life saving station that one of the patrolmen while on his rounds picked up on the sands a brown vest in the bottom hole of which was dangling a watch chain and charm. The charm was described as being a miniature cartridge. Captain Wells thought perhaps from the nature of the charm it might have belonged to either Marden or Noone, who mysteriously disappeared while on a gunning trip at the mouth of the harbor some weeks ago.

WILLIE GETS QUIZZY AGAIN.
 Say, Pa, how old is Joe Hett?
 What makes you ask me that question, Willie?
 Well, teacher told us some days ago about George Washington and his hatchet and I wondered if Washington hadn't seen Joe Hett cutting down lamp posts with his little hammer and stolen his thunder.
 I hardly think that can be so, Willie, for Hett is a man who would not appropriate anything unless it was a—
 Stonewall, Pa?
 Have you got over your bad spell you had in the night, Willie?
 Yes, Pa, I am feeling better, but that was a horrible dream.
 Tell me about it, Willie.
 I dreamed that I was dead and angels had conveyed me to heaven. Orchestras were playing sweet music and hundreds of electric lights were burning brightly. Seated at a table, with heads close to gether sat, John Rider and Billie Moore.
 That will do Willie. That is what comes of your mother's mince pie for supper. I will see that you take an extra teaspoonful of Castoria tonight.
 Ain't things a little mixed over in ward one, Pa?
 No my boy, everything is serene. Joe Hett, Bert Entwistle, George Wallace and Jim Marden play whist to gether every evening and are thinking of forming a club to be called the "Contented Four" and hiring permanent quarters.
 But, Pa, how can that be? Joe Hett dramatically raised his hand to heaven and said he hoped it would rot off if he ever placed the name of an Entwistle on his ticker, while Ald Hoyt gazed wearily at the smoke tinted ceiling and hoped he would take a long journey before again supporting a Hett.

I am sure everything will be all right, Willie. A huge box of salve of great soothing tendency has been opened in that ward and if they keep the cover on the box and place in a cool place, think that the stuff will retain its healing properties.
 Sort of a German antidote, eh, Pa?
 Possibly so, my boy.
 Well, here's hoping the stuff won't be affected by the heat.
 Drink hearty, Willie.
 Say, Pa, what kind of a jolly was you giving me the other morning about getting up at 3 o'clock and watching the snow plow go by? Charlie Tucker says Joe packed the snow plows away in camphor over a week ago.
 Well, the sand men were around, want they, Willie?
 Yes, Pa, after the ice thawed so they wouldn't slip.
 If you had fallen down and hurt a leg could you have collected damages from the city?
 Perhaps, Willie, if he was feeling well.
 Who is he, Pa?
 The City.
 What makes you use the masculine gender?
 Because, he is masculine.
 Who is masculine?
 He is.
 Who are you talking about?
 Jack Kelley.

WATER FRONT.
 Schooner John B. Manning is bound here from Baltimore with coal.
 Schooner R. S. Graham has been chartered from Philadelphia to this port with coal for Gray & Prime.
 Arrived today, barge Bear Ridge, Capt. Gould, from Philadelphia with 193 tons coal for J. A. & A. W. Walker.
POLICE NEWS.
 The police slate this morning contained the names of two lodgers, three for malicious mischief and one drunk.
 Three boys who were into mischief at Music hall Wednesday afternoon, were taken to the station house by officer Quinn where they were given a sound talking to by Marshal Entwistle.
Rheumatism Cured in a Day
 "Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by Geo. Hill Druggist Portsmouth.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FREE
5,000 SAMPLE BOTTLES OF MINARD'S LINIMENT,
THE KING OF PAIN,
Are Being Distributed In Portsmouth This Week.
CURES CURES
 Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Chilblains, Stiff Neck,
 Coughs, Colds, Soreness, Bruises,
 Asthma, Diphtheria, Sprains, Lamé Back,
 Horseness, Sore Throat.

LARGE BOTTLES = 25 Cents.
Your Druggist Sells It.
A GOOD THING - RUB IT IN!

CITY BRIEFS.
 The sleighing is fairly good around town.
 Regular meeting of the city government this evening.
 It is now said to be the plan to make James Quinn City Messenger.
 The story about a steamer being wrecked at Rye proved a canard.
 The "S. G." Londres is made of the choicest stock and is the best ten cent cigar in the market.
 The foundations for the gates at the North mill bridge were put in on Wednesday, the 8th inst.
 The ladies of the Court street Christian church are to give a turkey supper this Thursday evening.
 In a few short weeks there will be work enough for every man out of employment in this section.
 The next thing in order is the securing of a large set of buildings for barracks at Fort Constitution.
 You can add a gem to your poster collection when you get the Easter number of the *New Hampshire Gazette*.
 Have your shoes repaired by John W. Mott, 34 Congress street. Satisfaction guaranteed. Hand sewed work a specialty.
 Mr. Tooney, the artist, has received this week an order for two half-length portraits in oil, from Mrs. Streeter of Concord.
 A meeting of the W. C. T. U., will be held on Friday afternoon, at three o'clock, at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, Congress street.
 When you want a pair of glasses or your eyes trouble you in any way, consult C. F. Hussey the Expert Optician, Portsmouth, N. H., No. 1 High street.

THE WARD FOUR FIGHT.
 The ward four republicans, as is well known, are divided into two factions, one called the Rider-Vaughan faction, the other Urch Phinney faction. Both factions held caucuses and put tickets in the field to be supported at the coming election. Of course both tickets could not go on the regular ballot and the city clerk, to whom the matter is left, set 9 o'clock this morning for a hearing on the matter.
 At that time quite a crowd assembled at the city building Judge Emery appeared for the Rider-Vaughan crowd and E. H. Adams Esq., represented the Urch Phinney crowd.
 Both sides submitted nomination papers Judge Emery detected numerous technical errors in the papers submitted by the Urch-Phinney crowd.
 After considerable talk on the part of both sides the city clerk took the matter under consideration and said he would give his decision this afternoon.

PIGEON WAS EXHAUSTED.
 About 2:30 o'clock this afternoon ex-Representative Moran of ward three picked up a carrier pigeon on the street and took it to the police station. The bird had a tag around its neck numbered 398 and was thoroughly exhausted, having evidently flown a great distance.

CLUB NOTES.
Portsmouth Cycle Club.
 In the Cycle Club pool tournament on Wednesday, Barrus defeated Hardwood, 100 to 90; Hardwood defeated Whitehouse 100 to 92; Barrus defeated Greenwood, 100 to 88; Crompton defeated Whitehouse, 100 to 90.
Portsmouth Athletic Club.
 In the whist tournament at the Athletic club on Wednesday, Howard and Moynahan defeated Jones and Entwistle, 30 to 17; Cotton and Sides defeated Tibbets and Fisher 30 to 20; and Jones and Entwistle defeated Heaney and Gentleman 30 to 10.
Warner Club.
 Four games were played on Wednesday evening in this tournament, with the following result:
 Holmes and Oldfield defeated Chick and Edson, 20 to 18.
 Taylor and Shapleigh defeated Green and Kennard, 20 to 11.
 Holmes and Oldfield defeated Chick and Edson, 20 to 7.
 Chick and Edson defeated Holmes and Oldfield, 20 to 16.

PERSONALS.
 Mr. Daniel Mahaney was in Boston on Wednesday.
 L. R. Brown of Dover was in town on Wednesday.
 L. E. Scruton was a visitor in Rochester yesterday.
 Col. James A. Wood was a visitor in Concord yesterday.
 Mrs. L. G. Dore is passing a few days at Sanbornville.
 Miss Nellie Crowley was a visitor in Boston on Wednesday.
 Mr. Thomas E. Call was a visitor in Boston on Wednesday.
 Fred A. Bradbury of Dover passed Wednesday in this city.
 Wallace Hackett was at the Hub on Wednesday, on business.
 George F. Richards and wife have returned from Washington.
 Charlie M. Newton was out today after a ten days severe illness.
 Mrs. Joseph Lowd of Daniel street, is the guest of her parents in Dover.
 Justin V. Hanscom has fully recovered from his recent attack of the grippe.
 Contractor George Killoren of Melrose was in town on Wednesday, on business.
 Police Officer Frank Shannon still remains critically ill at his home on Parker street.
 Mr. L. E. Chase of Rookingham Junction was here on Wednesday, calling on old friends.
 Mr. Joseph Yorke, the well known horseman of York beach, was here on Wednesday.
 Mr. and Mrs. John G. Monroe of Boston are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McCourt of this city.
 Miss Bernice McCourt, who has been spending the past month in Boston, returned home on Wednesday.
 Mr. John J. McGrath, class of 1900, St. Anselms college, Manchester, read Byron's "Night Before the Battle of Waterloo," before the debating club of the college on Sunday.
 It will be seen by our telegraphic news that Commander Asa Walker of the U. S. S. Concord has been detached from the command of that vessel and ordered home on waiting orders. Commander Walker is a Portsmouth boy and was in the thick of the fight at the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila bay. He should be given a royal welcome on his arrival home.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
 To quit tobacco easily and forever, be religious, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No. 7. Bae, the wonder worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

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 If you desire free CANDIES visit headquarters.
 The sale and manufacture of all high class CANDIES is our business.
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OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.
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 Treasurer, JUSTIN V. HANSCOM;
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